

Good Morning 333

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Black Bourse in "Old Masters" To-day

(From Peter Dugan)

A FEW dupes and fools who don't feel their money is "safe" in National Savings Certificates and Government Bonds are being tricked into investing in alleged Old Masters, early English clocks, furniture, porcelain... and, as a consequence, are handsomely fleeced.

Valuable paintings are being copied, boosted at private auctions, then sold at prices up to £10,000 a time.

The swindle is being cleverly worked, with admirable craftsmanship. A handful of Continental artists, trained in the art-forgery school that used to mass-produce spurious Franz Hals and flat-faced Madonnas of 15th century "primitives," are believed to be at the bottom of the racket.

Only intuitive judgment, backed by long art experience, can differentiate between a Rembrandt and that delightfully guarded label "attributed to Rembrandt." But these crooks, who have started a veritable Black Market in faked investments, are alive to all the technical tricks.

They are aware that a reputable art expert will examine a painting under ultra-violet light, and so expose any fraud in the use of a pigment incorrect for the age in which the Old Master was alleged to have been painted.

TRUE BLUE.

The blue colour in a picture is a reliable guide to its age. Painters before 1650 used azurite, a copper ore. Then came smalt (cobalt blue), then Prussian blue, containing iron, which was in use about 1780.

Microscope tests show up the sharp-angled crystals of azurite if the Old Master is a genuine 16th century work. The rest will be frauds—just Black Market copies.

Many famous paintings have been stolen. Some have gone for good. Others have been discovered after a time, but that has provided an interval during which capable crooks may have had access to the original.

Lord Winterton was the victim of art thieves, who broke into his Sussex home and stole a beautiful painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, valued at £10,000. That was many years ago; but crooks—believed at the time to be Dutch art fakers—with access to the world-famous Reynolds, had ample time to produce copies.

In one year alone, Van Dyck's "Ferdinand, the Cardinal," valued at over £12,000, disappeared and has never been heard of since; Rembrandts and Gainsboroughs and other pictures valued at about £40,000 were stolen from the Carlton Art Galleries in London; and another Van Dyck, said to be

ROCK-CLIMBING is the most hazardous of British sports. Among the dark, forbidding precipices of the mountain ranges of England, Scotland and Wales, some of them robed in everlasting mourning, men delight in testing their capacity to climb upwards by taking advantage of tiny hand-holds and footholds never more than adequate in the volcanic rock or the great cliffs dividing cavernous coombs from one another.

Or it may be in the case of buttresses, smooth save for a small crack traversing them, that the cragsman, afforded nothing more than a lodgement of his feet, may have to trust to his sense of balance and to the pressure of the palms of his hands to bring him safely to the end of his journey.

A variety of problems beset him. Rock climbers tend to become specialists. Some are happiest in negotiating a chimney—a rift between walls so narrow that here and there they make progress by putting their knees or feet against one side, and their backs against the opposite wall. But always in such chimneys there are wedged boulders that call for special treatment.

Often these boulders bulge outwards in space, with their greater prominence at the head, so that the climber is presented with an overhang to be negotiated. It is as though a man climbing the wall of a building to the roof finds himself impeded by a projecting ledge. Nothing in the ascent of rock-climbing is more enthralling than the conquering of an overhang.

THE problem may be solved either by coming out of the chimney to take another course to re-enter it, or by threading the rope through an interstice, or flinging it upwards in the hope that it may catch on some protuberance and stay put when the leader of the party cautiously tests its holding power. In divers ways overhangs are overcome.

Incidentally, peregrine falcons and ravens, sensing that difficulty of access, often build their nests below overhangs of rock.

Other climbers, detesting the slime, and often the water falling in chimneys, prefer what are termed the "face climbs" on the precipices. They glory in the exposure of their situation. Here and there on all the British mountain ranges are precipices rising sheer from



worth over £15,000, was lost while in transit.

In a week, four paintings by Constable were stolen from the staircase leading to the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy. Within a few days—after there would have been plenty of time to make four-colour negatives for copying—three of the pictures, wrapped in crumpled brown paper, were mysteriously deposited at the office of a London newspaper!

Most stolen Old Masters turn up again—but only after they have passed through the hands of many "fences," and they may have been mutilated during the process of copying.

There is always some gullible fool willing to buy a stolen treasure.

He believes it is genuine because of the stiff price he has been forced to pay, but for safety's sake he tells his admiring friends that it is, of course, only a copy, as the original is in a famous art gallery. Secretly he smiles to himself, believing that he has the original and that the gallery authorities have been cheated by a forger.

There is always a market for what is known in art circles as a "fine copy"—and there have been several occasions on which the unlucky owner of a stolen original has been pressed by a gang to buy the painting back—only to discover that he has been sold a fine copy and that the original is still missing.

An attempt was made to obtain £8,500 ransom for parts of the famous Van Eyck panel which had been stolen from the Cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent.

Half of the panel was sent back by the robbers as a "mark of good faith," but was declared by experts to be a fake. The original is missing to this day.

At one time it was rumoured in art circles that two wealthy collectors—one an American tinned-meat king, the other a rich Austrian in a concentration camp—had been duped into buying a forgery of this panel, believing it to be the original, and being quite content to have stolen property in their collection.

If you're feeling Really Tough, says John Muller

HERE'S BRITAIN'S TOUGHEST SPORT



the scree for between a thousand or two thousand feet.

At one place maybe a crack, at another a ledge, so tiny that a mountain fox would be unable to play any antics on it, at still another a carbuncle compelling the climber for a split second to defy the laws of gravity. Such a face climb on a still day, with a summer's sun to warm the rock and the climber's back, is exhilarating, but if the rock is filmed with ice or a stinging nor-easter is raging, it becomes perilous.

The exploration of rock climbing ground was doubly dangerous in the days of pioneering. Almost everybody who has looked into shop windows of photographs or picture postcard sellers, whether on the continent or at home, has seen prominently displayed the "far-famed" Needle Rock on the Napes Ridge of Great Gable, in the heart of the Lakeland mountains.

When Sir Haskett-Smith, a London barrister, and a former president of the Alpine Club, first saw the Needle forty years ago he was uncertain whether it was possible to reach the top block, let alone stand on it.

Three-quarters of the way up he tied a stone in his handkerchief and threw it on to the

Bowden Pinnacle, on Borrowdale.

block. To his satisfaction, if somewhat to his amazement, the handkerchief lodged, and soon Mr. Haskett-Smith surmounted the difficulties lying before him, and along with the companion he assisted, strode the top block to look around at the chasm separating it from the ridge proper.

To-day the Needle is climbed by hundreds during the year. Yet the Needle now is so worn by the nails of cragsmen that handholds and footholds have worn smooth. The blazing of the trail has increased the difficulty of negotiating it.

Mr. Haskett-Smith was also the first of a distinguished company of pioneers to climb the Nose on the equally famed Pillar Rock dominating the Ennerdale Valley in the Lake District. This bulging Nose used to be circumvented by the lowering of the climbers into an adjacent gully.

The veteran cragsman found a way along a lip of rock underneath the nostril of the Nose. And having reached the centre of the lip—a spike from which you gaze into space—he groped with his left hand for a handhold that might serve to pass over the Nose. He discovered such a handhold, and mounting the Nose and sitting astride it as he might sit a horse, he let himself down to a gully yielding an easy path to the summit of the Pillar.

It is not a light ordeal for a newcomer to the Nose to await his turn at the corner of the nostril. He is alone, and though assured that if he will but boldly step on to the spike it is a simple matter, provided he has the necessary reach with his arm to clutch a handhold he cannot see, he makes the essay with more trepidation than he cares to acknowledge.

The Pillar Rock and the Nape Ridge abound in climbs of every variety. So do the Lliwedd cliffs in Wales, and Snowdonia is one of the favourite places in the British Isles. But Lakeland remains the nursery ground of men who later in their careers go to the Alps or the Dolomites to indulge themselves in the greater sport of mountaineering.

Many of the Mount Everest climbers served their apprenticeship to mountaineering on

the Napes, Pillar Rock and Scafell climbs in the Lake District. Mallory, who lost his life on Everest, was one of the most brilliant of Lakeland pupils.

In their off-days not a few climbers exercise themselves on giant boulders presenting as many puzzling ascents as the formidable cliffs. There is the Eichenstein boulder at the summit of Llanberis Pass in North Wales, which has a score of different ways up it, and if this palls then climbers practise a back and knee ascent of two tall Scotch firs outside their hotel. And in the Wasdale Valley in the Lake District the "Y" boulder occupies novices and experts for hours at a stretch.

The layman may ask what is the purpose of the rope they see climbers wearing round their shoulders on their way to a meet.

The reply is that the leader of a party takes all the risk. He is first up and the last down, and on his care, judgment and skill depend the safety of those who follow. He runs out sufficient rope to let him arrive at a point at which he can put the rope around a rock or projecting knob, so that if his second man slips he cannot at worst fall more than the length so run out.

But, of course, after having secured the rope round the rock the leader takes in the slack as his second man arrives nearer him, and then the second man similarly brings on his companion, the third man, and the third man the fourth man.

If the leader comes off the climb he cannot fall further than the length between himself and his second man. On a very long climb on an exposed face there is just the danger that the rope may not stand the strain, though the rope manufactured to-day has a breaking strain so considerable that no one fears to place implicit confidence in it.

The unpardonable sin in climbing—a sin never committed—is for any member of a party to pull on the rope. If he cannot overcome a difficulty he says so.

But the men and women who fall slaves to the sport of rock climbing thrive on danger and adventure. And ninety-nine per cent. of them avoid enterprises they know to be beyond their powers. They classify their climbs—exceptionally severe, moderately severe and difficult, leaving the simple climbs, which require nothing more than fitness and aptitude for beginners. The various clubs devoted to climbing teach their members a sense of responsibility. No one is admitted until he or she has undergone a course of instruction by skilled leaders. Certainly no one, however promising a pupil he may be, is admitted if he shows foolhardiness or bravado or showmanship.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Pybus gets his revenge at long last

"COME here, Pybus," said the Captain, "and tell me if you recognise that man." He pointed down at an individual lounging near the gangway, who seemed to be biting his nails. Two Egyptian constables sat near him, laughing and smoking cigarettes. The stranger kept his back turned to them.

"I can't see him properly," said the grocer. "His hat's over his face." At that moment the man seemed to feel their eyes upon him, and glanced up uneasily.

"I'll say I know him," Pybus burst out angrily. "I'd know the squinting bastard anywhere; it was him I laid me out on the dock road. I'll squint him, I will." And the grocer made for the ladder.

"Easy, Queer Fella, easy," cautioned Hairy Butler, barring the way. "All the time in the world. Me and the Professor had him taped comin' up the gangway, but we waited to make a good job of it."

"It puts me in a very awkward position," said the Captain slowly. "The police brought him off in their launch when they heard I was short-handed; he's been scrounging round the dives of Port Tewfik and Suez for weeks, and they were anxious to be rid of him. I could hand him back to the authorities for his attack on Pybus here, but that would mean delaying the ship. He's legally a deserter from this ship, and I could take him back to England, but I don't want a wrong 'un like that in my foc'sle. I wouldn't carry him as ballast."

"If ye tuk him through the Canal, sir," suggested Hairy Butler respectfully, "tis possible he wouldn't be wishful to continue the thrip. In spite of our most abstruse vigilance, he might desert unbeknownst at Port Said."

QUIZ for today

1. A heifer is a gentle wind, small lizard, young cow, Arab chief, Irish fairy?
2. Who wrote (a) Lady Frederick, (b) Lady Windermere's Fan?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Metre, Mile, Furlong, League, Acre, Inch, Yard, Kilometre.
4. How many pennies weigh a pound—24, 36, 48, 60?
5. What was the Bastille?
6. In whose home was there "an organ in the parlour," where you would "always find a welcome"?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Lumbar, Lunge, Lollard, Lintle, Liliputian, Lief.
8. About how many islands are there in the Scilly Isles?
9. What instrument does Teddy Brown play?
10. What liquid is known to chemists as H₂SO₄?
11. What piece of music is associated with Napoleon and Russia, and who composed it?
12. Name three Bible characters associated with hair.

Answers to Quiz in No. 332

1. Young sheep.
2. (a) Rebecca West, (b) David Garnett.
3. Banana does not grow in England; others do.
4. Diamond mines.
5. Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart.
6. None; the metal was used for munitions.
7. Therapeutic, Toreador.
8. Lisbon.
9. 400 miles.
10. India.
11. Jeanne de Casalis.
12. Kingfisher, Kestrel, Kitty, wake.

THE SEA-GREEN GROCER

By Jaspar Power

PART XIX

"Thank you, bo'sun," said China Hughes, the faint ghost of a smile twitching his lips. "Perhaps you might keep your men out of the sun for a few hours. Find them a job in the 'tween-decks when we get under way."

"I was thinkin' of that meself, sir," agreed the Irishman. "We might put down that coop the coolies' goats was in—they ate the last yesterday. Otherwise it might break adrift if we ran into any weather in the Bay."

"Very good, bo'sun," said the Captain, adding, as they turned to go, "I haven't forgotten how you handled that Malay, Pybus."

"Thank you, sir," said the grocer, and followed the others forward. He wondered vaguely what China Hughes was getting at, dragging up ancient history like that.

The goat coop was a sturdy contrivance of timber, with a row of iron bars along its front. It was heavy, too, and the hands were sweating freely before it was finally manhandled into the after 'tween-decks.

"It doesn't half smell," gasped Reginald Pybus, as he mopped his streaming face. He was alluding to the aroma which survived the late tenants of the cage.

"Shtinks like a polecat," agreed Hairy Butler, wrinkling up his nostrils with apparent enjoyment. "Every inch guaranteed impervious wid fine, full-bodied effluvia. Am I right, clobber?" he added affably, turning to Red Mahaffy.

The red-haired gentleman had not been prominent during the recent strenuous exertions, having made up his mind to start as he meant to go on. He had quickly sized up Butler as a "soft" bo'sun, and he intended to keep him in his place. He ignored the Irishman's amiable remark.

"Am I right?" asked Hairy Butler, a second time. There was a ring in his voice that made Mahaffy rather doubtful of the accuracy of his first impression.

"It 'ums," he admitted sourly, "if it is the goats wot's 'umming." "Then inside ye get, and hum wid it," ordered Hairy Butler distinctly. "Jump to it, now; it's hookum."

"Hey, who the 'ell do you think you are?" demanded Red Mahaffy truculently, "a'ordering of me to do a thing like that?"

"I'm the Superintendent of the Dock Gates Mission, and it's me unpleasant jooty," retorted the Irishman suavely, and a dead silence fell.

"Wot's the bleedin' game, mate?" asked Mahaffy at last. He was licking his lips, and glancing furtively in the direction of the ladder. Pybus strolled across and leant against it.

"Ever see that man before?" snapped the Professor, indicating

The nations which have put mankind and posterity most in their debt have been small states—Israel, Athens, Florence, Elizabethan England.

Dean Inge.

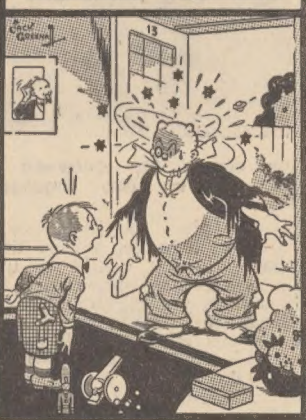
Herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke.

James I, "A Counterblast to Tobacco."

the grocer. In Mahaffy's experience such a level, cultivated voice had always reached him from the magistrates' bench, and mere force of habit made him look in the required direction. Pybus stood with a muscular forearm crooked round an iron rung, and stolidly chewed tobacco. With his close-cropped hair and weather-beaten face, the grocer looked very different from the hazy mental picture which Mahaffy had preserved of him.

"I don't know him, and don't want to," he growled. "And I've 'ad enough of this bloody hazing. I'm going on deck."

USELESS EUSTACE



"—Er—the next time Billy Biffem says his father can knock the stuffin' out of yours, let it go at that!"

"Oh, no, you don't," grunted Pybus, and sent him staggering away from the ladder with a violent shove. "I've got a bone to pick with you, I have."

"Shift out, or it'll be the worse for you," threatened Mahaffy, sliding an old-fashioned razor from his pocket. Before he could flip it open, the grocer had gripped him by the lapels, pinioning his arms to his sides by peeling the coat down over his elbows.

"Good for ye, Queer Fella," shouted Hairy Butler, as Pybus butted his head violently into the face of his squirming captive. Hearing the razor tinkle to the deck, the grocer released his hold, stepped back, and smashed his left fist into the pit of Mahaffy's stomach. Rocking on his heels, the red-haired sailor never saw the blow which followed; a murderous, swinging haymaker to the right ear.

JANE

I HAVE—HRRM!—CONSULTED MY LAWYER, JANE, AND I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY IN PROVING THAT YOU WERE TRICKED INTO THIS BLACK MARKET RACKET.



"Come on, boys, in wid him," whooped Hairy Butler, and the unconscious man was launched into the coop like a sack of coal. "Sling us along the padlock, Professor, so's nobody can get in and worry the poor fella."

"All hands on deck," shouted Old Dick, putting his head over the hatch coaming. "Tying up in ten minutes."

All hands hastened to their stations, and the Herod Antipas was warped to the side of the Canal while a convoy of east-bound ships steamed by. The Captain and Ferdinand Whalebelly observed the absence of Red Mahaffy, but forbore to ask questions. Immediately the ship got under way, the sailors scrambled down below again. The captive had recovered his senses, and crouched in a corner, glowering wickedly.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and observe the fierce man-atin' Lepidodendron," roared Hairy Butler, and beat a thundering tattoo on the top of the cage. "On account of its smell, this baste is greatly prized by the Chinese, which employs it to drive earwigs outa joss-houses. Many imminent scientists has been amazed by the skill wid which the Lepidodendron imitates human bad language, when gently stirred up wid a pole, as I will now have pleasure in demonstrating."

Mahaffy swore violently as the butt of a boathook thudded into his ribs. "Tell Mr. Pybus ye're sorry ye shtruck him wid the black-jack," prompted the Irishman, and prodded him again. Mr. Mahaffy blasphemed.

"I see I'll have to get the hose on to ye," sighed his tormentor. "It'll hurt me more than it will you, but I'll have to do it."

"Of course I'm sorry I coshed 'im," snarled Red Mahaffy. "There was damn-all in his pocket but a bloody hymnbook."

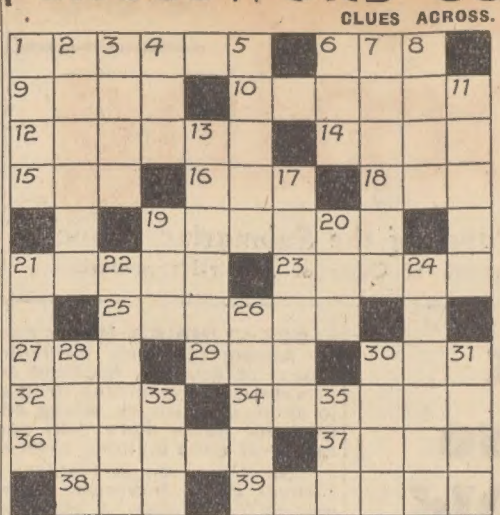
"All hands to tie up," interrupted Old Dick again, and the prisoner was grateful for another brief respite. All through the night spasmodic bursts of merriment issued from the after hatch, ringing far across the dark spaces of the desert. After each successive outburst Captain and mate exchanged knowing chuckles behind the pilot's back. At length Whalebelly could contain his curiosity no longer.

"How's that new hand getting on?" he demanded, when the Professor came up to relieve the wheel.

"I'm afraid he's having a restless night," said Hogsbottom solemnly. "The cook brought him a few eggs, but he didn't seem to like them. Starboard it is, sir."

Just before dawn the Herod Antipas slid into Port Said, and

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Wild plant.
 - 6 Sable.
 - 9 Wind instrument.
 - 10 Bird.
 - 12 Laborious walk.
 - 14 Unit of weight.
 - 15 Boater.
 - 16 Atom.
 - 18 Mineral.
 - 19 Vegetable.
 - 21 Memento.
 - 23 Colloquially cross.
 - 25 Means.
 - 27 Curve.
 - 29 Eggs.
 - 30 Hiatus.
 - 32 Praise.
 - 34 February in March.
 - 36 Slave.
 - 37 Assist.
 - 38 Fall behind.
 - 39 Emphasis.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Insect.
 - 2 Rub.
 - 3 Oaf.
 - 4 Guided.
 - 5 Cereal.
 - 6 Perplex.
 - 7 Tear up.
 - 8 Hoarse sound.
 - 11 Mineral.
 - 13 Tradesman.
 - 17 Package.
 - 19 Animal.
 - 20 Scottish river.
 - 21 Province.
 - 22 Empty part.
 - 24 English river.
 - 26 Parts of speech.
 - 28 Sort of bird.
 - 30 Scoff.
 - 31 Scores at billiards.
 - 33 Poke.
 - 35 Preservative.

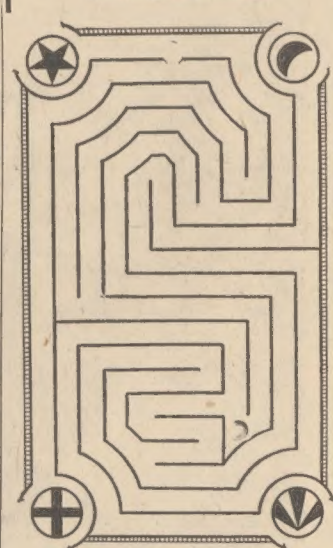
CLOUT SWAM
ROD INTEGER
ALICE UNITE
SLURRED LEA
SOME LIKE L
P SPOON H
T STEP OPUS
AIT REALIST
ACRES FLAKE
LEONORA NEW
SPAN ROADS

Mahaffy was left to himself while she hove up to her buoys. It did not take him long to discover the key which Hairy Butler had carefully left in the padlock; a minute later he was on deck, slinking on tiptoe to the rail. After a whispered colloquy with a bumboatman alongside, he threw over a spare end of rope and prepared to slip overboard.

"Who's that?" a voice hailed sharply from the poop.

"Wot you buy, mistah?" croaked Mahaffy, resourceful as ever. "Cartes postales... mozaic bead... wood from Yerroosalem."

THE FOUR TURNSTILES



There are four turnstiles at the corners of this maze. Choose any two of them, and, entering the maze by one, aim to come out at the other. As the number of possible pairs is six, here are six puzzles in one.

... Toorkish delight, in round box you nevaire see before... one minute, mistah, I show you." He slid down to the boat with such speed that his hands almost smoked.

"Ye haven't such a thing as a coupla goats, have ye?" shouted the same voice again, and a chorus of jeers, bleating and guffaws followed him over the water, as the bumboat rowed away.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—281

1. Put the beginning in ABBE and get a native.
2. In the following proverb, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? Undop sewi shoofi pyenne.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BOIL into BAKE and then back again into BOIL, without using the same word twice.
4. What speaker is hidden in the following sentence? It's a cascade or a torrent, but hardly a cataract. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 280

1. MEDWAY.
2. PortsEA.
3. GIVE, gave, gate, mate, make, TAKE, lake, like, line, live, GIVE.
4. Drink to me only with thine eyes.



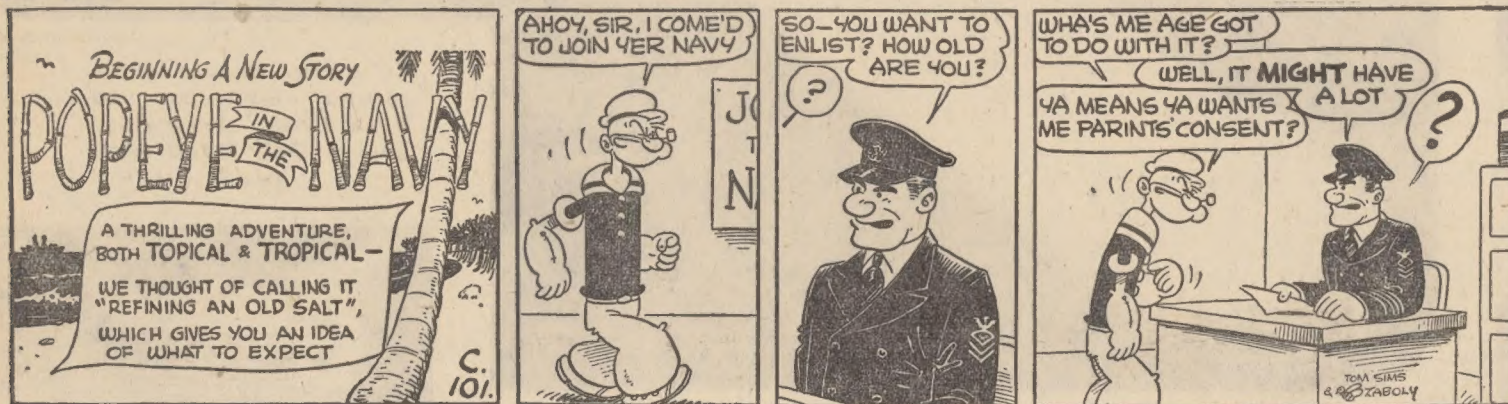
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



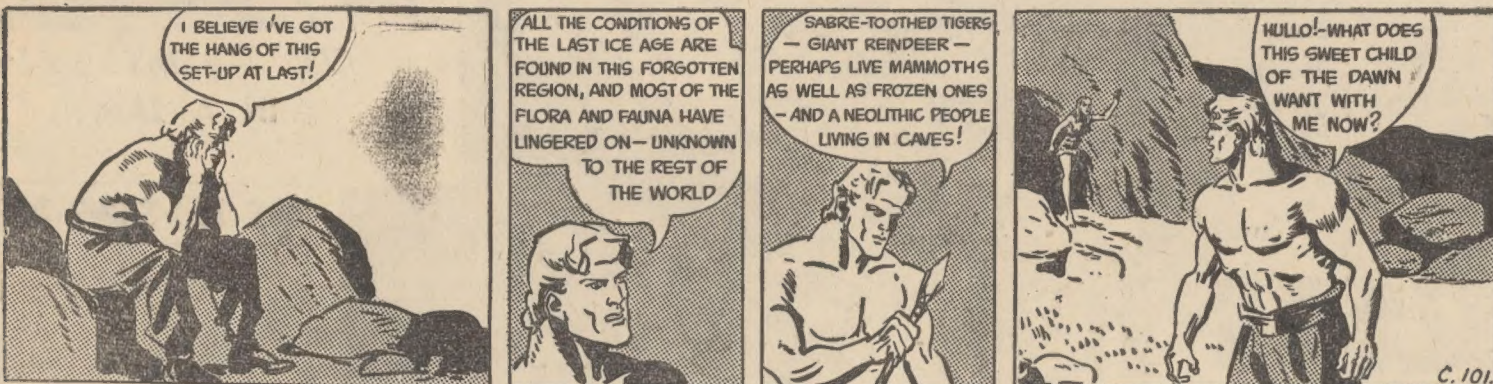
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

STRANDED
ASHORE-
BECAME
A KING

RONALD GARTH

FORTY years ago, Tom Horton, a tailor's assistant, set out across the sea to make his fortune.

Now he is ruler of an island in the Persian Gulf, and recently celebrated the thirtieth year of his reign.

His amazing career commenced when his ship left him behind at Jeddah. He was stranded in an unknown country, knowing nothing of the language or customs. He begged in the streets and learned a few words of the Arabic tongue.

He fell in with a rich merchant, Ras Bidah, and travelled with him along the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, in command of the latter's ships crammed with spices, cloths, foodstuffs and slaves.

Landing a cargo of slaves at a village near the mouth of the Tigris one day, Horton saw them driven off screaming, victims of the guards' three-thonged whips. Indignantly, Horton seized a lash and attacked the guards.

As a result he lost his job. He found himself in Basra, once more with but a few coins in his pockets.

His knowledge of cloth now stood him in good stead. He bought up bales of fabrics on the quaysides, and determined to gain the wholesale trade of the city, cutting the prices of richer merchants.

Ten years later, Thomas Horton was known as Musulman Hajo, chief merchant in Basra, famed throughout Persia and Arabia for his splendid bargains, owner of a fleet of merchandise ships that sailed up and down the Gulf.

When Eli, Sheikh of Kishm, travelled from the island over which he ruled into Basra, he called on Horton to supply bales of stuffs.

It was by more of a courtesy than anything else that Eli appointed Horton commander of his naval forces.

Horton quickly took advantage of his new position. He was fed-up with trading, fed-up with the incessant haggling in the market-places. He wanted to settle down—in a home somewhere.

He sailed with the sheikh back to Kishm, a palm-girt island, and had not been in the royal palace very long before he learned that the prisons were full to overflowing with the unfortunate victims of Eli's taxation system.

The peasants had either to pay over 90 per cent. of their annual profits—or suffer death.

Dissatisfaction reigned everywhere. The subjects of Kishm were little better than slaves. Their plight would have been no justification for Horton turning against his patron, but Eli the tyrant was hated equally by his dusky-eyed wife.

Horton hatched a plot, and one night, when the town was packed to overflowing with visitors, Horton crept from the palace. He went straight to the mosque, around which dense masses of people had assembled.

No one knows what he said to them, but there was an uprising in Kishm that night.

Sulphur fires were set burning around the palace walls to force Eli to come out. Horton led an attack on the palace, the mob behind him flinging salt into the eyes of the few soldiers who ventured to defend their king.

Eli was deposed, and Thomas Horton became as Musulman Hajo, chief merchant in Basra, a short time later, Horton married the widow.

He still reigns over the people, many of whom are now able to read and write, and the country is equipped with modern mining and agricultural implements, and is recognised by the Governments of the world.

Alex Cracks

Mrs. Green: "So poor old Jones, the baker, has gone at last. Consumption, the doctor told me it was." Mrs. Bean: "That's strange. There never was any consumption in the family." "That don't make any difference. My poor husband was carried off by gastric fever, and we never had any gas in the house. We always burned candles and paraffin."

A slightly deaf old sportsman was "run down." He consulted his doctor, and the doctor prescribed claret and plenty of it. A month later the old fellow returned, brimming over with good health. "Capital, capital!" exclaimed the medical man. "I see that diet of claret worked the trick." "Claret!" said the patient. "Claret! I thought you said carrot. I've been eating two pounds of the things every day for the last four weeks."

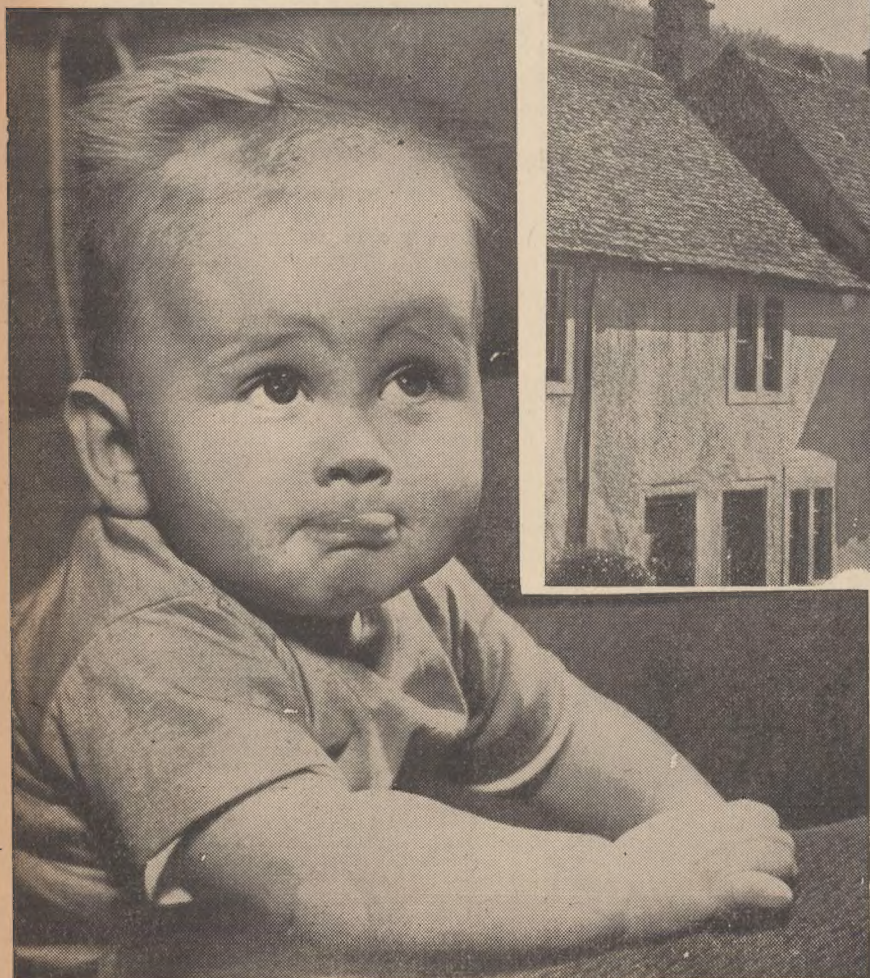
Good Morning

★ WHO PUT SOAP IN THE DAMNED TANK? ★



To some people she's second favourite to Vera Lynn. How does Evelyn Dall stand with you?

★ YOU'RE RIGHT, SON, LIFE SURE IS A PROBLEM ★



This England

17th Century stone cottages in Castle Combe, Wiltshire.



COR LUMMY, I AM IN A JAM!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

'Almost a 'stuck' pig.'

